

2Pac Lyrics

"Open Fire"

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero
I'm 165 and stayin' high 'til I die, my competition's zero
Cause I could give a fuck about you, you better duck
Go or I'll be forced to hit yo' ass up, I give a fuck
I'm sick inside my mind, why they sweat me?
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and, yo, it's on
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray
Hope I live to see another day, hey!
I'm gettin' sweated by these undercovers
Who can I trust, got my mama stressin', thinkin' it's a drug bust
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached
We livin' a drug life, THUG LIFE, each day could be my last
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask
That's the consequences when ya livin' fast
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me
Pussy ass bitches better bury me
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha
I got away cause I'm clever
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies
At the coppers that pursue me, beotch!
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker
Open fire on you bustas

"Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight

Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear
Enough dope to last a year
They got me runnin' from the police, nowhere to go
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict
I'd rather fire on my target
I hit the corner doin' ninety, ah shit!
Them bitches right behind me
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!

Hahahaha! Thug Life, bitch! Goin' out like that

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